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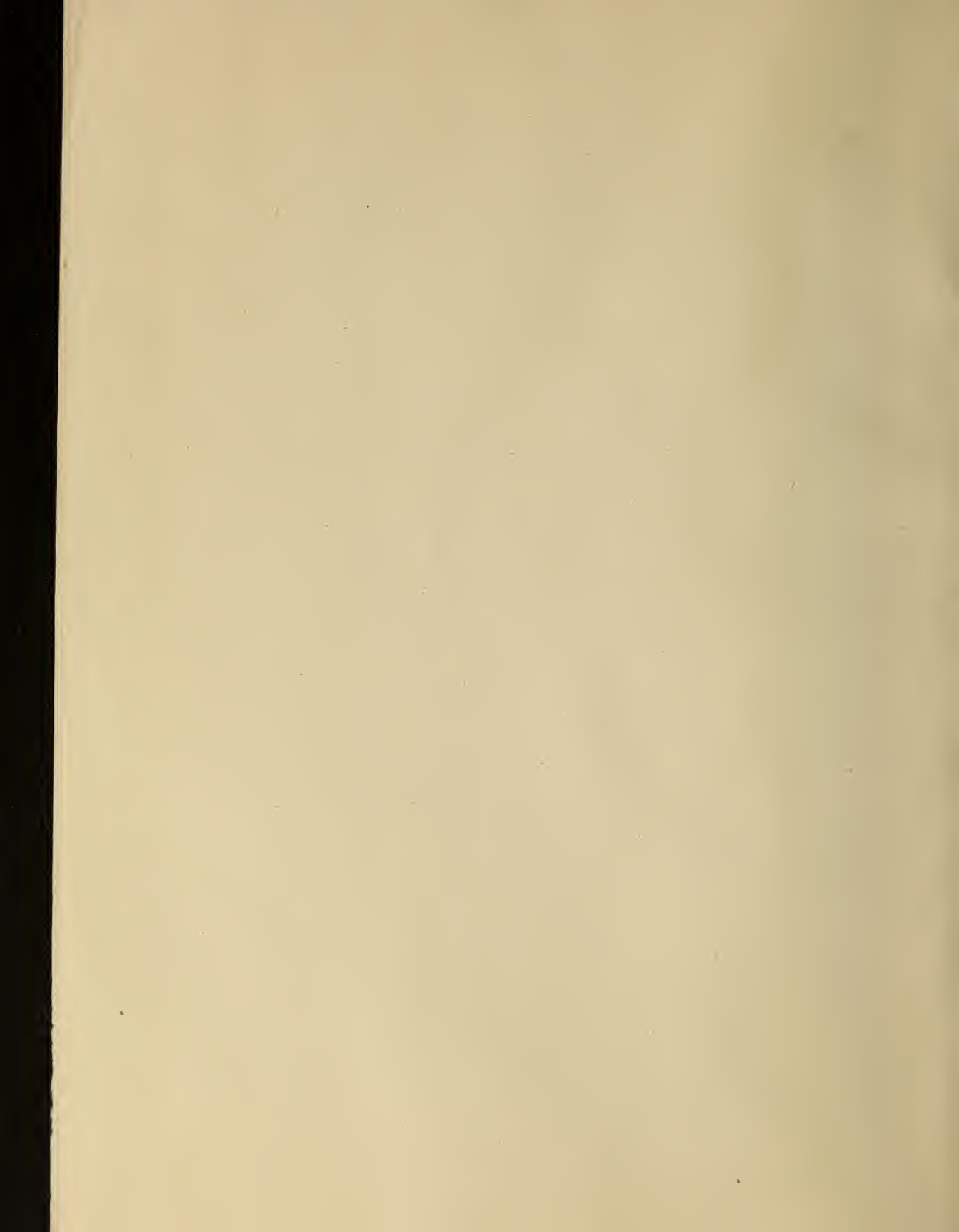
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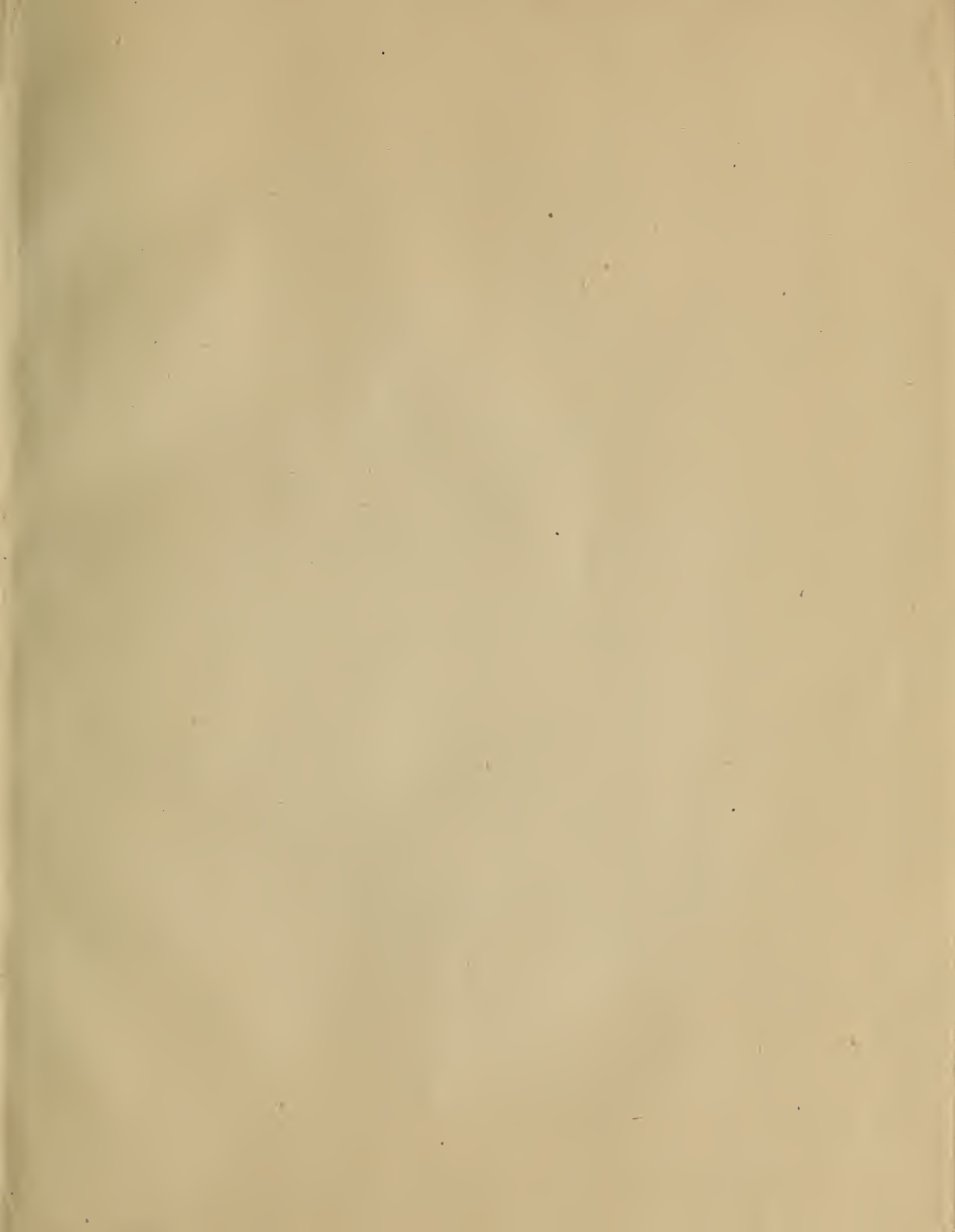


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# HOMERIC STUDIES.

632  
770

“Grandia elaté, jucunda dulciter, moderata leniter, canit.”

*Quintilian, de Homero.*

BY

EDMUND LENTHAL SWIFTE.



TO HIS  
Imperial Majesty



THE  
Emperor of Russia.

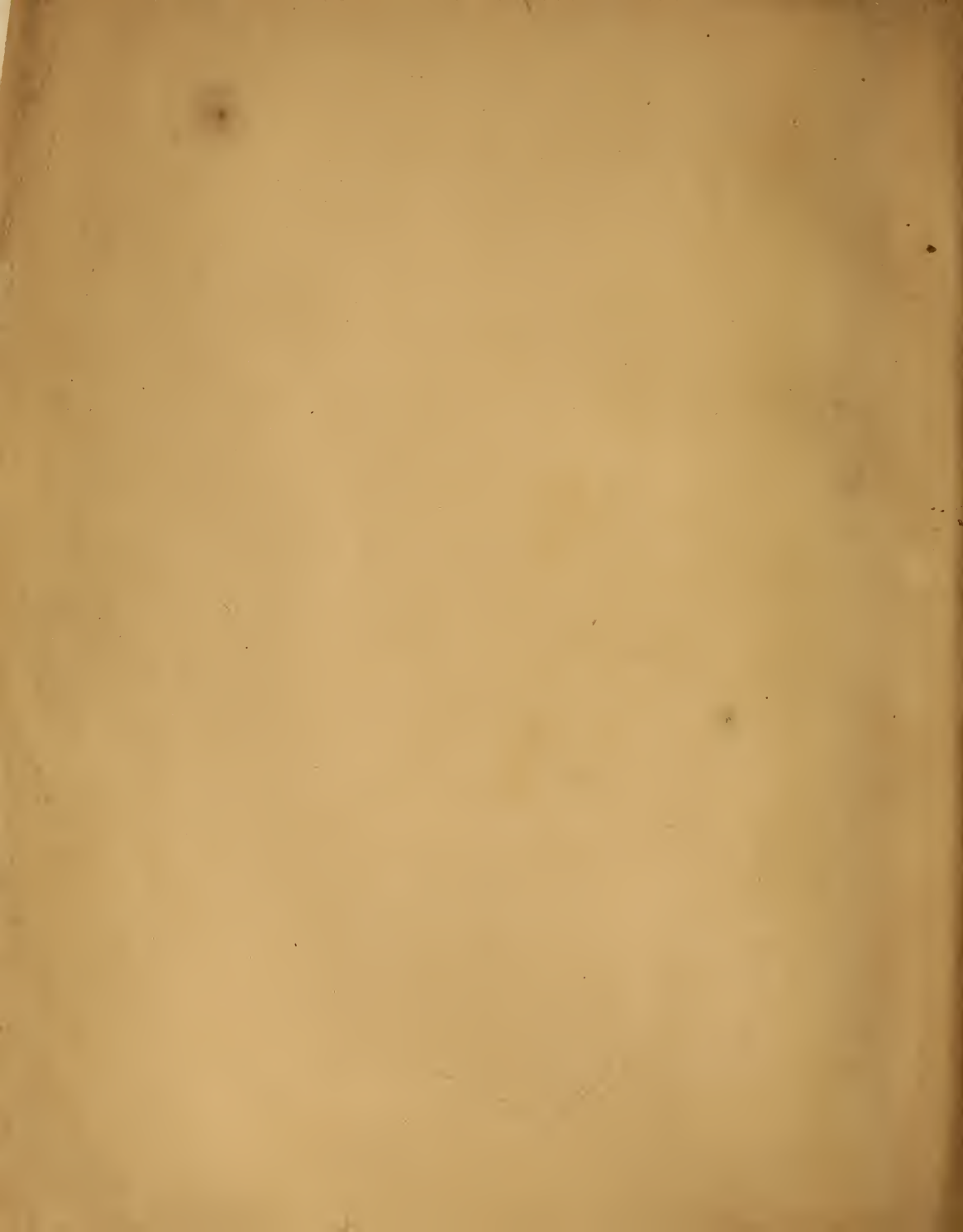


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1868.





From the Author

# HOMERIC STUDIES.

*Homeric*

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## INTRODUCTION.

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HOMER's Linearity, like Samson's hair, is the element of his power: the Latin Poets had long possessed his metre; yet with such abatements of its license as caused his several translators to fail, and to be forgotten. The still more restricted syntax and prosody of our language render it still less able to represent the Homeric attributes, set forth by Quintilian and illustrated by Professor Arnold; and what the ten syllables of its single line cannot accomplish derives little aid from the twenty of its couplets:—thus inadequate appear the compressions and the expansions of the old Grecian's linearity.<sup>1</sup> Yet, why should we not persist in our approach to the *Opus magnum* of Homer, all Homer, and nothing but Homer? Like Donne's "Chymic," though we "miss the Great Secret," it may "pay our charge and labour with good unsought experiments."

A sense of this imparity seems to have been felt by Chapman, when, declining Chaucer's decasyllabics, he recurred to our Early-English form and the Saxon *five-accents* (the Archilochian Iambic, almost contemporaneous with Homer himself), extended to *seven*; not only reaching within two syllables of Homer's most frequent number, sixteen, but acquiring the metre dramatically accordant with the *Personæ* of his Epic; who in the 611 lines of the first Iliad occupy 359 with *dialogue*, much in the rough-and-ready style of Chapman himself, and (besides its concurrence with Homer's own idea of deities and heroes) resembling the moods and manners of his own stage-interlocutors.

Moreover, Chapman could not but have observed how naturally—be it in prose or in verse—the Iambic falls in with the structure and rhythm of his own northern tongue, unpurposed and unlooked for. That this is "a most pregnant and unforced position"—connected, too, with Homer himself

—is, unintendedly, illustrated by Professor Arnold—*More last words in translating Homer* (not the *very last*, let us hope)—when, instancing an “essentially grand and characteristic” passage in Priam’s supplication to Achilles for the body of Hector—

Επλην δ’ οἱ οὐπῶ τις ἐπιχθονίος βροτός ἄλλος,  
 Ἀνδρὸς παιδοφονοῖο ποτὶ στομα χεῖρ’ ὀρονεσθαι.—*Il.* xxiv.

he appended its all-but-literal translation in the setting up of newspaper prose:<sup>2</sup>—“And I have endured—the like whereof no soul upon the earth has yet endured—to carry to my lips the hand of him who slew my child.” Were I nearing the *Iliad*’s *Ultima Thulé*, I should certainly linearise Homer’s two Hexameters, thus—

“And that hath come on me, which yet on man hath never come,  
 To carry to my lips the hand of him who slew my child;”

quietly plagiarising—if that be plagiarism which no translator can miss—the concentrated pathos of Mr. Arnold’s last line. Yet Pope disintensified<sup>3</sup> it into four of his own Heroics, and Chapman’s Iambics missed its intensity. It may be, that their movement is not always natural or noble; but I am yet to be convinced that the Iambic—*quoad metrum*—is “jogging,” or “jolting”; left to its own free course, it rather represents Homer’s own *Ωκεανος*, now calmly *flowing* onwards, now *rolling* with unrestrainable power. Glorious John denounced it for “a monstrous measure of verse;” yet he admitted its monstrosity into his own matchless Lyric—

“And stamped an image of himself, a Sovereign of the world.”

But, in an evil hour, Chapman resolved upon “tagging” Homer’s Epic with the *rhyme*, which led him far and wide of his rhymeless Original: and here I leave our brave old Elizabethan, with a regretful contrast between his traductive wanderings and—

“——— the free thought which *voluntary* moved  
 Harmonious numbers— ——”

wherein he laid his *Iliad* at the feet of the martyr-king’s more fortunate

brother. Sufficiently warned against this halting and hampering hinderance, my learned contemporary, Mr. Newman, framed his Translation in Iambic Tetrameters with a Catalectic bi-terminal; which, continuously carried through its twenty-four books, gives to every line an unmistakably Trochaic effect. Semi-muté as they are, I wish that he had recalled to his mind, how Milton (heedfully? or instinctively?) admitted into the 11,000 lines of his "Paradise Lost" fewer than *ninety* of these dead-weight incumbrances.<sup>4</sup>

It has been my ambition—not too presumptuously, I hope—to suggest an English Iliad, as Homeric as the ordinal, grammatical, and rhythmal conditions of our language allow; always remembering that where the original and the traductive systems cannot be brought in accord, the latter must unexceptionally prevail. By this linguistic difficulty I was encountered in the second line of my Essay; obliging me to postpone the Greek *ad ordinem* to the English *ad sententiam*: but in no sentence, or clause of a sentence, did I then or ever overstep Homer's linear limit. I have also sedulously observed his repetitions, his composite terms, his stock epithets, and—other than where more skilled Hellenists than myself have foregone their rendering—his particles and enclitics. Of his Theonymy, I own to the abandonment prepense. Jupiter and Juno, Mars and Venus, Neptune and Vulcan, have become English names; but Zeus and Heré, Ares and Aphrodité, Poseidon and Hephaistos, will not readily be other to English ears than Heathen Greek: and for his Dialects, we must await the season—not far off, I fear—of Homer's deities and heroes being burlesqued in provincial clowneries, or—yet worse—in the town-slang of roughs and costermongers.

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*Ego et Poeta meus*—the partnership must now be closed.—“At fourscore years” (and a year or two *beyond* their following decade) “it is too late a week” for attending the Iliad to its *ταφον Εκτορος ιπποδομοιο*: but in hands, fresher than mine from their academics, the unvarying fourteen



syllables of the Iambic will present an unrhymed correlation with the average fifteen of the Hexameter; and this, not rhythmally only, but —*teste meipso*—in the idiom and word-store of our forefathers,<sup>5</sup> and their self-suggested nationality of phrase; with no more Archaism than has been time-woven round HIM whose language will never be Archaic in English ears. And this puts me upon thinking—tell your non-literate countrymen that Shakspeare is Homeric, and they will get none the clearer idea of Shakspeare; tell them that Homer is Shakspearean, and they will comprehend more about Homer than if they had turned over a shelf-full of his commentators.

And now—one parting admonition. Let him who shall deem my experiment worthy his taking up avoid the too easy error of resting the *fourth* accent of his Iambic on the middle of a word, or elsewhere than on a reasonably important closing, or mono-syllable; and, still more carefully, the temptation of polishing or improving Homer.<sup>6</sup>

\* \* \* \*

In England, as in other countries, Homer has found many translators,<sup>7</sup> obligated to follow his thought, and—I will suppose—studious to render its expression; the later among them (myself the latest) being unable to keep his version always clear of one or other of his precursors. Let this consideration acquit me of deliberate plagiarism.

\* \* \* \*

Translation from another language into one's own, and from one's own into another, are distinct matters: two in the hundred, perhaps, of those who are competent to the former process are also qualified for the latter. Naming no names, if one of those two would translate any half-dozen consecutive lines of my "Studies" into as many Greek hexameters, I would contentedly accept the result.

## NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION.

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Note 1, page 3, line 9.

*The old Grecian's linearity.*

The *maximum* of Homer's hexameter—17 syllables—and its *minimum*—13—present an average of 15; precisely equalling a line and a half of our decasyllabic verse: a traductive proportion, in *rhymed* heroics, especially, much opposed to the *ad lineam*, and not always accordant with the *ad sententiam* of his poetry. The *Iliad's* first seven hexameters *equate* with their sum of 105 syllables ten lines and a half of English Heroics; and these, in rhymal verse, must be reduced to ten, or enlarged to twelve; the couplet (save only a *very* exceptional triplet) being a positive necessity. In this instance, Pope escaped the dilemma in *eight* lines (the last being an Alexandrine), with what degree of Homerism—the sole object of Linearity—let Doctor Bentley adjudicate.

Note 2, page 4, line 8.

*The setting-up of newspaper prose.*

The surest test of *prose* and of *poetry* I take to be this.—Print a page of each in the form of the other, and mark what sort of readers exclaim—"this cannot be intended for poetry!"—"surely, this is not prose!"—Now and then it may be our unlucky chance to meet what is *neither*; but there may likewise be "a neutral ground of Poetry and Prose," (*Coleridge, Biogr. Litt.*) easing the one, and elevating the other; without deserving Pope's two-edged criticism—(whom did he intend?—Tickell? or Addison?) some of Homer's translators have swelled into fustian, and others sunk into flatness."—For mine own part—I had rather my verse were taken for prose than my prose for verse.

Note 3, page 4, line 15.

*Yet Pope disintensified it.*

Even as he elaborated another equally vivid, though less profound, linearity; which he had cited in the preface to his *Iliad* as an especial instance of Homer's concision:—

Οι δ' ἀρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεὶ τε πυρὶ χθωνὶ πάσα νεμῖτο—*Il. ii. 480*;

rendering it, moreover, incompact, and (unlike Mr. Arnold) unmetrical prose—"they pour along, like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it." His *Iliad* is too popularly known to need the repetition of his Quatrain, with its deluges, armies, floods, fields, and skies, whereof Homer was altogether innocent.

Note 4, page 5, line 8.

*These dead-weight incumbances.*

The terminal Trochee of Mr. Newman's Iambics, and the terminal Iambus of Mr. Gladstone's Trochaics, are simply disturbances of their respective measure: but the Iambic battle-fields of the Poet-Statesman under Troy's "well-built walls" present a hopeful contrast with his Trochaic word-war between Agamemnon and Achilles. Nevertheless, the Trochee has long held, and will long hold, its saltatory and symposial repute, as evidenced in the classic (?) "*Pervigilium Veneris*," and the modern Bacchanalian—

"Jolly mortals, fill your glasses:—noble deeds are done by wine—"

(a conclusion, which I take leave to deny.) Horace has dropped into the Trochee with still better grace in one of his pleasantest Satires—at the slight cost of half a dozen false quantities:—

"Ibam | forte | viâ | sacrâ, | sicut | meus | est | mos."

Note 5, page 6, line 3.

*In the idiom and word-store of our forefathers.*

The "judicious" Hooker said—"Of translations, the better I acknowledge that which comes to the very letter of the very original verity."

Note 6, page 6, line 15.

*The temptation of improving or polishing Homer.*

Voltaire said, that nobody in France would read a translation of Homer, wherein he was not altered, and polished, and closely *pruned*—*élaqué*—and Johnson vindicated in Pope's *Iliad* "the change which two thousand years have made in the modes of life and habits of thought,"—the which would require a fresh translation in every half-century.

Note 7, page 6, line 16.

*Homer has found many translators.*

Victor Hugo likened great poets to great mountains—they have many translators. Our vivacious guest mistook his parallel.—Echo does not translate—she *repeats*; as Ansonius prettily has it—*vocem sine mente gerit*. Had Bobus Smith spouted Homer on Helvellyn or Milton on Mount Hymettus, the English Oread would have iterated his Greek, and her Grecian sister would have done the like office by his English.



THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.



TRANSLATED IN THE EARLY-ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.



## THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

---

THE anger of Achilles sing, O Muse, of Peleus' son  
The fatal anger, which on Greece unnumbered evils wrought;  
Dismissing many a valiant soul of heroes' to the shades,  
And leaving with no funeral rite their bodies unto dogs  
And flights of carrion fowl a prey:—so was the will of Jove  
Accomplished in that hour when first contention rose between  
The king of men Atrides, and Achilles goddess-born!—

Now which of all the Gods foreset the twain upon their strife?  
Latona's son and Jove's; for he, incensed against the king,  
Sent on the army a sore plague, and many people died; 10  
In that Atrides to his Priest, Chryses, much shame had done,  
When to redeem his daughter he with liberal ransom came  
To the fast-sailing ships of Greece; and, bearing in his hand,  
Around a golden sceptre wreathed, a fillet of the far—  
—darting Apollo,<sup>2</sup> earnestly besought the Grecians all;  
But mainly the Atridæ twain, the captains of the Host.

“ Atridæ both, and Grecians, ye, wearers of well-wrought greaves,  
“ The Gods which on Olympus' height have dwelling, grant that ye  
“ Lay Priam's city waste, and home victoriously return!—  
“ But my loved child to me restore, and this rich ransom take, 20  
“ Holding in awe Apollo's shafts, far-darting son of Jove.”—

Out spake the Grecians—all but one—and joined in loud acclaim,  
 The priest to reverence, and accept his daughter's price :—that one—  
 Atrides Agamemnon's self—their counsel did mislike ;  
 And drove him evilly away, with sharp and instant threat.—

“ Let me not light on thee, old man, about our hollow ships  
 “ Still lingering, or slinking back !—Neither thy staff of gold,  
 “ No, nor the fillet of thy God, shall stand thee then in stead.  
 “ This daughter thine I will not free till age hath on her come ;  
 “ In mine own house, in Argos, from her father-land away, 30  
 “ Plying the handwork of my loom, and readying my bed.—  
 “ Hence !—and provoke me not !—but go—in safety, while thou mayst,”

He said.—Thereon the old man quailed, and yielded to his word ;—  
 In silence went along the strand of the far-sounding sea ;  
 And there, apart, the reverend sire, with many an earnest prayer  
 Unto the king, Apollo, prayed, fair-haired Latona's son.—

“ Hear, Bearer-of-the-silver-bow, who Cylla's sacred ground .  
 “ And Chrysé hast enwheeled, and still o'er Tenedos dost reign !—  
 “ Smintheus !—if ever I to thee a goodly temple raised,  
 “ Or ever on its altar burned for thee the chosen parts 40  
 “ Of oxen and of goats, do thou my strong desire fulfil,  
 “ And with thine arrows make the Greeks my bitter tears atone ! ”—

Thus spake he praying ; and his prayer Phœbus Apollo heard.  
 Down from Olympus' height he sped, his heart with wrath on fire,  
 His bow across his shoulder, and his quiver closely wrapped ;  
 And still behind the angry one its store of arrows clashed,  
 As on he moved in shadow like the coming of the night.—  
 Far off he sate him from the ships, and 'mong them sent his darts ;  
 And direful was the clang that rang from out that silver bow :<sup>3</sup>

First on the beasts of burthen and the vagrant dogs it fell ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Then on the folk themselves was poured the mortal arrow-flight ;  
 And, closely set, the funeral fires were lighted for the dead.— 50

Nine days had now his wrath amid the army held its way,  
 When on the tenth Achilles called a meeting of the host :  
 (So had the white-armed Juno with the thought possessed his mind ;  
 For much she mourned to see the Greeks thus stricken down by death.)  
 They being present, every man assembled at his call,  
 Uprising in their midst, then spake Achilles swift-of-foot.—

“ Atrides, wiser ’twere, methinks, thus having failed, we now  
 “ Turn back unto our homes, if we indeed the death would shun 60  
 “ Which war and pestilence have joined to visit on the Greeks.  
 “ Come now—forthwith let us enquire some soothsayer or priest,  
 “ Or else some dream-interpreter—for dreams descend from Jove<sup>5</sup>—  
 “ Who may resolve us why is thus Phœbus Apollo wroth ;  
 “ Whether he blames in us default of vow or hecatomb ;  
 “ Or would the steam ascendent from unblemished lambs and goats  
 “ Appease the God’s displeasure, and from us this plague avert.”

Thus having spoken, he sate down ; when up before them rose  
 Calchas Thestórides, by far of augurs deepest skilled :—  
 Well in the Past, the Present, and the Future was he read, 70  
 And pilot of the ships which had the Greeks to Ilium borne ;  
 Taught by the foresight which to him Phœbus Apollo gave :  
 And thus before the assembled Greeks well-mindedly he spake.

“ Achilles Jove-beloved, since thou hast bidden me disclose  
 “ Wherefore was Phœbus with us wroth, the-far-off-darting king ;  
 “ This do I ask :—bethink thee then—wilt thou in very sooth  
 “ Take instant part with me, and give thy help of word and hand ?

" For much I fear me to incense the man who straightly rules  
 " The Argives all, whose sovereign will Achaia doth obey ;  
 " Kings being still the more enraged when meaner folk offend :— 80  
 " And though in that immediate hour their vengeance they defer,<sup>6</sup>  
 " Still doth the long-stored rancour in their secret soul await  
 " Its final wreak :—bethink thee then, if I with thee am sure."

Him answering, Achilles thus, the-fleet-of-foot, replied—  
 " Have thou good heart ;—shew out whate'er the God to thee hath shewn :  
 " No—by Apollo loved-of-Jove, from whom thy prayers have won  
 " The prophet-power of making known the future to the Greeks,  
 " There's not a man, whiles yet I live and look upon this earth,  
 " Who near our hollow ships shall lay on thee a heavy hand—  
 " No—not the Dardans all at once—not Agamemnon's self— 90  
 " No—vaunt him as he may the best and greatest of us all."

Then did the blameless Seer take heart, and plainly thus he spake.—  
 " Not that the God misliked the scant of hecatomb or prayer ;  
 " But for the Priest to whom much shame had Agamemnon done,  
 " Neither his child restoring, nor accepting her rich price ;  
 " And therefore the far-shooter did, and will, your host assail :  
 " Nor ever from this plague will he withdraw his heavy hand,  
 " Till to her loving father ye the bright-eyed maid restore,  
 " Unpurchased and unransomed ; and in Chrysé offer up  
 " A solemn hecatomb :—this done, ye may his wrath appease." 100

Thus having spoken, he sate down : when Atreus' warlike son,  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon, up before the Council stood.  
 Disturbed was he in spirit, and the black blood overflowed  
 His inwards ; and from either eye shot forth a fiery gleam :  
 And thus with evil-boding glance he Calchas first addressed.

" Prophet of ill, who never yet to me good tidings bore ;



" But in thine inner heart wast glad some mischief to foretell,  
 " Nor spake to me one lucky word, nor did me aught of good ;  
 " And to the Greeks dost now declare, as by a sign from Heaven,  
 " That the far-shooter hath this plague among our army sent, 110  
 " For that the splendid ransom for the Chrysean damsel brought  
 " I did refuse, preferring much to have her with me home :—  
 " For in good sooth more beautiful than Clytemnestra is—  
 " My wedded wife—seems she to me ; nor commendable less  
 " In shape, in stature, or in mind, or woman's household works.—  
 " Nathless, if better so it be, the maid I back will send :—  
 " Rather would I the people were delivered than destroyed.—  
 " But let a gift forthwith be found ; lest only I among  
 " The Greeks abide unrecompensed :—not seemly it would be.—  
 " Look closely all of ye to this :—my prize doth elsewhere go." 120

To him Achilles, son of Jove, the-fleet-of-foot replied.—  
 " Noblest Atrides, most of all intent on quest of gain !—  
 " How may the lofty-minded Greeks provide thee now a prize ?  
 " What know we of a common store of treasure lying by ?  
 " Of all the cities by us sacked the spoil hath been set out,  
 " And much the soldiers would mislike to see their shares recalled.—  
 " Let her then go unto the God ; and we, the men of Greece,  
 " Will thrice, fourfold, compensate thee, if ever Jove shall please  
 " To give to our destroying hands the well-walled town of Troy."

Him Agamemnon answering, the noble chief replied.— 130  
 " Shrewd as thou art, expect not thus thy purpose to conceal,  
 " Godlike Achilles ; nor hereby o'erreach me or persuade.  
 " Intendest thou, while thine own self dost hold thy prize, that I  
 " Remain, forsooth, bereft of mine, and called to give it back ?—  
 " Well—if the lofty-minded Greeks provide for me a prize,  
 " As suited to my liking, and approved of equal worth—

" But, if they give not to me such, I for myself will take  
 " Thy prize, or that which Ajax, else, that which Ulysses shared—  
 " Perforce will take :—wroth let him be with whom I have to do.—  
 " But truly these are things which we hereafter may arrange— 140  
 " Now then, be stirring :—we will haul the black ship to the sea,  
 " Sufficient oarsmen take, and place a hecatomb therein,  
 " And put Chryseis straight on board, maid-of-the-rose-red-cheek.<sup>7</sup>  
 " Find we an able leader too ; a well-experienced man ;  
 " Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, or great Ulysses, or  
 " Thyself, Pelides—thee, the most redoubtable of men ;  
 " Who the-far-shooter's anger shall with pious rites appease.

Him sternly eyeing, Peleus' son, the-fleet-of-foot, addressed.—  
 " Out on thee, clothed with shamelessness, sharp set upon deceit !—  
 " How shall a Grecian willingly obey command of thine, 150  
 " To follow in thy track or join for thee with warlike men ?  
 " For no displeasure of mine own did I come here to fight  
 " Against the Trojan spear-men ; they no harm to me had done ;  
 " Nor ever did they foray make of horse or herd of mine ;  
 " Nor Phthia, nourisher-of-men ; nor her deep-loamèd lands  
 " Have they laid waste ; for many a league 'tween them and us doth lie  
 " Of forest-shaded mountains, and of loud-resounding seas.  
 " With thee we joined, thou frontless-one ! that thou might'st get thy will ;  
 " Forcing for Menelaus and—dog-faced !—for thee amends  
 " From Troy ; and thou away dost turn, regarding not for aught ; 160  
 " But threatening now from me to take to thine own share the prize,  
 " Which, after all my toils, to me the sons of Greece had given.  
 " Nor, when some populous town of Troy hath yielded to our arms,  
 " Is ever to my share a prize allotted large as thine :  
 " Nay, though the main direction of this weary war is cast  
 " Upon my hands, when comes the hour of distribution, then  
 " By much the largest share is thine ; while I, with war forspent,



"Unto my ships returning bear my small but cherished prize.—  
 "And now to Phthia back I go:—far better doth it seem,  
 "Home in my round-built ships to sail, than in this place to bide 170  
 "Unhonoured, and accumulate a store of wealth for thee."

Thereon Atrides, king of men, unto him made reply.—  
 "Away then, if thy temper so dispose thee!—think not I  
 "Will sue thee for my sake to stay:—other there be than thou  
 "To do me honour; above all, the-wise-in-counsel Jove.  
 "To me most adverse thou of all the heaven-protected chiefs;  
 "For welcome ever are to thee dispute, and war, and strife:  
 "If stronger thou than others, 'twas some God that gave thy strength.  
 "Home then to Phthia speeding with thy ships and with thy mates,  
 "Lord it among the Myrmidons!—Little of thee I reckon, 180  
 "Or hold in my regard thy wrath: but, make thee sure of this—  
 "Since at my hand the captive maid Phœbus Apollo claims,  
 "Her in my ship, and tended by my comrades I will send;  
 "While I, mayhap, Briseis take, maid-of-the-rose-red cheek;  
 "I, from thy tent, this prize of thine; that thou may'st plainly see  
 "How stronger am I than art thou, and others fear to make  
 "With me compare, or openly to match their state with mine."

So spake he:—in his shag-haired breast pain gripped Pelides' heart,  
 As with divided purposes<sup>s</sup> he stood awhile in doubt;  
 Whether the sharp sword at his side he from its sheath should draw, 190  
 Break up the assembled council, and outright Atrides slay,  
 Or put restraint upon his wrath and calm his troubled mind.  
 But, while these thoughts were tempesting his spirit and his soul—  
 Half its broad blade unscabbarded—down from Olympus came  
 Athené: therefore had she been by white-armed Juno sent,  
 Who bore unto the chieftains both an equal love and care.  
 Behind Pelides then she stood, and twitched his yellow locks,

Appearing unto him alone, and by none other seen.

Wondering, Achilles turned him round ; when instantly he knew  
Pallas Athené : awful was the gleaming of her eyes—

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And speaking thus, he unto her his wingèd words addressed.

“ Daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, wherefore hast hither come ?

“ Is it to witness the despite of the Atridan chief?—

“ But now I tell thee what meseems will surely come to pass—

“ His overweening insolence will soon upset his mind.”

To him the steel-eyed Goddess then, Athené, made reply.

“ I come to soothe this wrath of thine, if so I may prevail ;

“ Down from Olympus hitherward by white-armed Juno sent ;

“ Who bears alike unto ye both an equal love and care.

“ Come now—no more of strife ;—nor keep thy hand upon thy sword ; 210

“ Yet sparing not rough words as they shall rise upon thy lips :—

“ For this I tell thee—what ere long will surely come to pass ;—

“ That thrice as much of splendid gifts will in good time be thine,

“ To recompense this wrong ;—so thou be patient, and obey.”

Then did Achilles, fleet-of-foot, unto her make reply.—

“ Right surely, Goddess, thy behest and Juno’s I will heed—

“ Angered as in my soul I am ; for better is it far

“ To hear the counsel of the Gods, and so of them be heard.”

He said ;—and on the silver hilt pressing his sinewy hand,  
Back in its sheath he thrust his sword ; for disobeyed he not  
Athené’s word :—but she had gone back to Olympus ’mong  
The other Gods within the halls of Ægis-bearing Jove.

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Again with aggravating words the son of Peleus spake ;  
And thus Atrides he addressed, nor did his wrath refrain.—

" Wine-heavy,<sup>9</sup> thou, with eye of dog and heart of deer!—thou, who  
 " Never to don thine armour with the soldiers for the fray,  
 " Never to wait in ambush with the chosen of our men,  
 " Hast screwed thy courage up—to thee it would have seemed sure death:—  
 " Good faith, more pleasant is it through the wide-spread Grecian host  
 " To pounce upon their prizes who thy purpose shall withstand. 230  
 " Despoiler of thy people!—Lord of sorry-hearted slaves!—  
 " Else, son of Atreus, thou ere this had done thy last of ills:—  
 " But now I tell thee—and hereto I set my solemn vow—  
 " Yea, by this staff, which never did or branch or leaf bring forth,  
 " Since from the stem divided whence 'twas on the mountain hewn—  
 " Nor will it bear a-fresh, so close the knife hath lopped and peeled  
 " Its leaves and bark away—henceforth, only the sons of Greece,  
 " The Judges, they who minister the laws ordained of Jove,  
 " Shall bear it in their hands—by this shall my deep vow be vowed.—  
 " But of Achilles when the need occurs to one and all 240  
 " The sons of Greece, little will then thy grief of soul avail  
 " The many who shall fall beneath man-quelling Hector's sword;  
 " While thou at home wilt fret thine heart with sorrow and with shame,  
 " That to the noblest Greek of all thou hast dishonour done."

So spake Pelides; and the staff, studded with golden nails,  
 Dashed from his hand upon the earth, and silent sate him down:  
 The while Atrides nursed apart his wrath; till Nestor rose—  
 The clear-voiced Pylian orator, the smoothly-speaking sage—  
 He, from whose honeyed lip the stream of soft persuasion flowed:—  
 Two generations from the world had passed away of men 250  
 Articulate;<sup>10</sup> with him one was reared, and one had with him dwelled  
 In sacred Pylos, where a third still owned his later rule:—  
 And thus in wise and kindly words he counselled them, and spake.—

" Ye Gods!—how great a grief would come upon the Grecian land!

" Priam and Priam's sons—how cheered in spirit would they be,  
 " And how the Trojans would rejoice, with what exceeding joy,  
 " Had they but knowledge of the strife which sets ye twain at odds—  
 " Ye—ever greatest of the Greeks in council and in war!—  
 " Be now persuaded; for ye both are younger far than I;  
 " And time was when I companied with men of martial sort, 260  
 " Better than even ye; for word of mine they slighted not;  
 " Nor have I seen the like of them, nor such may ever see,  
 " As Dryas, leader of the host, Peirithöus, or they—  
 " Cænæas, and Exadius, and Jove-like Polypheme,  
 " And Theseus, old Ægæus' son, peer of the deathless Gods.—  
 " Bravest were they of all whom Earth did bear of mortal men;  
 " Bravest indeed of all, and with the bravest did they fight;  
 " With the Centaurs on the mountains whom they fearfully destroyed.  
 " Ay, these were they, with whom when first I left the far-off land  
 " Of Pylos I had fellowship, thence coming at their call: 270  
 " And on their side myself did fight; neither of all her race  
 " Now owns the Earth a living man, able like them to fight;  
 " And still with me they counsel took, and listened to my words:—  
 " Obey ye then like them, for much 'tis better to obey.—  
 " Nor thou, Atrides, use thy power to take the maid from hence;  
 " But let her be where first the Greeks assigned her for a prize:  
 " Nor thou, Pelides, set thy will to strive against the king;  
 " For none can make it theirs to share the reverence that belongs  
 " Unto a sceptre-bearing king, whose state derives from Jove:  
 " Though powerful thou art, and though a Goddess brought thee forth, 280  
 " Greater is he than thou, and holds o'er many sovereign sway.  
 " Forbear thou too, Atrides, I entreat thee to forbear  
 " Thine anger toward Achilles, who to all the Grecian host  
 " Presents the surest bulwark 'gainst the evils of the war."

The ruler Agamemnon then unto him made reply.—



" Yea, all that thou, mine ancient friend, hast said is right and meet :—  
 " But this man is resolved to make himself of all the first ;  
 " To supervise the world resolved, to lord it over all,  
 " And give to all the law which none, I think me, will obey.—  
 " What if the ever-living Gods gave him a warrior's place, 290  
 " Did they thereby commission him to speak despicable words?"—

Highborn Achilles, at him then looking askance, replied.—  
 " Abject indeed might I be called, dishonourably weak,  
 " Did I in all things yield to thee, whatever thou would'st say.—  
 " Give out to others of the host thine order, not to me—  
 " No—not to me ; for small, be sure, performance will it find.—  
 " This now I tell thee—and do thou revolve it in thy soul—  
 " I will not hand to hand dispute possession of the girl  
 " With thee or with aught other—ye who gave, take back your gift.—  
 " But for what else of mine the dark fast-sailing ship doth hold, 300  
 " Nought shalt thou lay thine hand upon, nor take without my leave.  
 " Doubtest thou this?—Essay it then ; that all may see and know  
 " How instantly shall thy black blood well out around my spear."—

Thus did the twain in angry parle one with the other strive :  
 Till, rising up, the Council near the Grecian ships dispersed ;  
 Then to his even-built ships and to his tents returned  
 Pelides with Menœtius' son and his companions all ;  
 While speedily Atrides hauled his fast ship to the sea,  
 With twenty chosen oars-men and a pious hecatomb.  
 Chryseis then he led on board, maid-of-the-rose-red-cheek ; 310  
 There seated her, and for its chief the wise Ulysses named.

So, putting out to sea, they sailed along the watery way ;  
 The while Atrides bade the host perform the lustral rite :  
 And, soon as all were cleansed, the wash was cast into the sea :

Unto Apollo hecatombs of spotless lambs and goats  
 Were offered on the shore beside the Ocean's barren waste ;  
 And heaven-ward the steam went up, and rolled around the smoke.

Thus was the army busied ; nor did Agamemnon yet  
 Abstain from strife, but first upon Pelides gave it course :  
 Talthybius and Eurybates then summoned he ; for they 320  
 Were Heralds both, and aye at hand for service at his call.

“ Go to the tent of Peleus' son, Achilles ; by the hand  
 “ Briseis take, and lead her thence, maid-of-the-rose-red-cheek.—  
 “ If he deny ye, I myself with men-at-arms will come,  
 “ And take her thence :—to him 'twill be the worst despite of all.”

Thus having said, he sent them forth, with haughty message charged ;  
 And they unwilling paced the shore of Ocean's barren waste,  
 Approaching to the ships and tents held by the Myrmidons :  
 Him by his tents and his black ships abiding they discerned ;  
 Nor did Achilles when he them beheld rejoice at heart. 330  
 Stricken with awe, and sore a-feared, they stood before the chief,  
 Nor aught unto him they addressed, nor questioned of the maid ;  
 But well in his own mind he knew their errand, and outspake.—

“ Hail to ye, Heralds !—Messengers ye are of Gods and Men :—  
 “ Come nearer—'tis not ye I blame, but Agamemnon—him,  
 “ Who for Briseis sends ye here, from me to take the maid.—  
 “ Go then, Patroclus, Jove-beloved, and hither bring the maid,<sup>11</sup>  
 “ And give her them to lead away.—But, witness ye to this—  
 “ Before the Blessèd Gods of Heaven, and before living men,  
 “ Before too that despiteful king—if ever be his need 340  
 “ Of me again to save from death the remnant of the host—  
 “ For still is his pernicious soul<sup>12</sup> with passion rising high—

“ Unpractised he to reckon of the future by the past,  
 “ With what success the Argives then will fight beside their ships.”

He said :—his loved companion's word Patroclus straight obeyed :  
 Forth from her tent Briseis led, maid-of-the-rose-red-cheek,  
 And gave her them : so with her they went back unto their ships,  
 And she with them aversely :—but Achilles, weeping ripe,  
 From his companions instant turned ; and, sitting far away,  
 Fast by the shore of the gray sea,<sup>13</sup> gazed on its darkening wave ; 350  
 And earnestly with outstretched hands to his dear Mother prayed.—

“ Mother, since thou didst bring me forth, appointed young to die,  
 “ The Olympian Power while yet I live is bound to do me grace—  
 “ Jove the high-thundering :—but small the grace He does me now.—  
 “ Wide-ruling Agamemnon, son of Atreus, hath despoiled  
 “ Me of my prize ; and for his own hath borne the maid away.”

So spake he weeping ; and his plaint the honoured Mother heard,  
 Sitting in Ocean's dark profound beside her aged Sire :—  
 Up to the gray foam speeded she, ascending like a mist ;  
 And sate her down before him as his tears were flowing forth, 360  
 And soothed him with her hand, and spake, and called him by his name.

“ My child, why weepest thou ? whence comes this trouble o'er thy mind ?  
 “ Speak freely—nothing hide—that both alike may know the cause.”

She said—and sighing heavily, the-fleet-of-foot replied.—

“ Well knowest thou :—what need that all these things to thee be told ?—  
 “ When before Thebes our host arrived, Ection's sacred town,  
 “ And thoroughly had wasted it, and hither borne its spoil,  
 “ And 'mong themselves partition made, then did they set apart

- “ Chryséis for Atrides’ share, maid-of-the-rose-red cheek :—  
 “ But Chryses then, priest of the far-darting Apollo, came 370  
 “ To the fast-sailing vessels of the brazen-cuirassed Greeks,  
 “ His daughter to redeem with gifts of priceless worth, and, round  
 “ A golden sceptre wreathed, a fillet of the far-  
 “ -darting Apollo in his hand ; and all the Greeks besought,  
 “ But mainly the Atridæ twain, the captains of the host.  
 “ Outspake the other Grecians all, and joined in loud acclaim,  
 “ The priest to reverence, and accept his splendid gifts—but one—  
 “ Atrides Agamemnon’s self—their counsel did mislike ;  
 “ And drove him evilly away, with sharp and instant threat.—  
 “ Angered in spirit, the old man went back ; and to his prayer 380  
 “ Apollo listened :—for right dear was he unto the God.  
 “ Against the Greeks the fatal shaft was sped ; and now the folk  
 “ One on the other, dropped, and died :—so through the wide-spread host  
 “ Forth went the arrows of the God, till a clear-visioned Seer  
 “ Of the far-shooter’s will divine the purpose did reveal  
 “ Thereon, I first the counsel gave to reconcile the God ;  
 “ When wrath the son of Atreus seized : immediately he rose,  
 “ And uttered the loud threat which was so soon to be fulfilled.  
 “ Even now the sharp-eyed Grecians in his speedy-sailing ship  
 “ Conduct her to her father with oblations for the king ; 390  
 “ The while his heralds from my tent have with them led away  
 “ The girl Briséis, whom to me the Grecians had assigned.—  
 “ Do thou then, if in sooth thou canst, give help to thine own son ;  
 “ Speed to Olympus ; there appeal to Jove, if ever thou  
 “ By service done of word or act brought solace to his heart—  
 “ For in thy father’s palace I have often heard thee boast,  
 “ How, among all the Immortals, thou, alone, came forth to save  
 “ The cloud-wrapped Son of Saturn from dis honourable wrong ;  
 “ When others of the Olympians leagued to bind-him-hand-and-foot—  
 “ Juno, and Neptune, and with these Pallas Athené—then, 400



"Thou, Goddess, coming, him—even him—didst rescue from their chain,  
 "And up to high Olympus called him-of-the-hundred-hands,  
 "Named of the Gods, Briarëus, but commonly of men  
 "Ægeon—for that he in strength his father did excel—  
 "Who, in his might exulting, sate beside the throne of Jove :  
 "Then were the blessèd Gods afeared,<sup>14</sup> and thought of chains no more.—  
 "Remembering him of this, sit near him, clasp his knees ;  
 "Win him, if any way thou canst, to give the Trojans aid,  
 "And drive the Grecians back upon their ships and the broad sea—  
 "In slaughter back :—so may they all enjoy their king ; and he— 410  
 "Wide-ruling Agamemnon, son of Atrëus—be taught  
 "The un wisdom<sup>15</sup> of not honouring the noblest of the Greeks."

Then to him Thetis made reply—her cheeks o'errun with tears.  
 "Ah me, my child, why reared I thee?—why did I give thee birth?—  
 "Would that thou had beside thy ships, unsorrowing and unwronged,  
 "Abided still ; for now thy fate is near thee, very near :  
 "An early destiny is thine, and woful above all :—  
 "So sad the doom that met thy birth beneath my father's roof.—  
 "But to Olympus' snowy top myself thy plaint will bear ;  
 "Him to persuade, if so I may, thunder-rejoicing Jove.— 420  
 "Meanwhile, by thy fast-sailing ships do thou indulge thy wrath  
 "Against the Greeks ; but utterly refrain thee from the war :  
 "For yesterday to Ocean's side Jove and the other Gods  
 "Went, with the blameless Ethiops to hold a solemn feast :  
 "But to Olympus twelve days hence they will return—and then—  
 "Be thou assured—I stand within his brazen-vaulted halls,  
 "Kneel at his feet, and well—I hope—incline him to my prayer."

Thus having spoken, she went back ; and left him to his wrath  
 Of soul for her, who 'gainst her will was from him forced away—  
 The damsel of-the-graceful-zone.— 430

———Now unto Chrysé had  
 Ulysses reached, bearing along the pious hecatomb :—  
 Then, soon as they had brought the ship within the harbour's depth,  
 They furled the sails, and stowed them in the sable vessel's hold,  
 The mast into the keelson set, the fore-stays quickly lowered :—  
 Then, landward rowing, brought her up, and moored 'longside the pier ;  
 Cast anchor, and with cables staunch secured it to the stern.  
 Out then the oarsmen leaped amid the surf upon the strand,  
 And brought the hecatomb on shore for the far-darting God.  
 Then was Chryséis landed from the Ocean-passing ship ;  
 And wise Ulysses, leading her unto the altar-steps,  
 Placed her in her dear father's hands, and thus unto him spake.—

440

“ O Chryses, by the chief of men, Atrides, I am sent  
 “ To render back to thee thy child, and from the Greeks to bring  
 “ A pious hecatomb ; that so the anger might be stayed  
 “ Of Phœbus, which hath on them wrought such grief-compelling ills.”

So said—he placed her in his hands ; and he his much-loved child  
 Joyful received : then quickly on the well-built altar they  
 Before the God in order laid the noble hecatomb ;  
 Then washed their hands, and lifted up the shredded barley-corns :—  
 With out-stretched palms in their behalf then Chryses prayed aloud.— 450

“ Hear, bearer-of-the-silver-bow, who Cylla's sacred ground  
 “ And Chrysé hast enwheeled, and still o'er Tenedos dost reign!—  
 ‘ Already hast thou when I prayed inclined to me thine ear ;  
 “ Much honouring me, and on the Greeks inflicting fearful woes ;  
 “ Be it that once again thou dost accomplish my desire,  
 “ And from the Argive people now this deadly plague avert!”—

So spake he praying ; and his prayer Phœbus Apollo heard.—

Then, after they had prayed, and cast the barley-corns around,  
 Upward they turned the victims' necks, and slaughtered them, and flayed;  
 And boned the thighs, and wrapped them in the suet of the caul; 460  
 And one on other double-laid with pieces yet uncooked:  
 On lighted billets these he set; then over them he poured  
 The dark-red wine, while serving-lads held five-pronged forks at hand.  
 So, when the thighs were broiled, and all did of the inwards taste,  
 The rest was speedily cut up, and placed upon the spits,  
 And heedfully they roasted it, and drew it from the fire:  
 Then, when their work was finished, and the banquet was set out,  
 They feasted, each contented with his portion of the feast.  
 And, when the needs no more were felt of hunger or of thirst,  
 The serving-lads crowned to the brim the golden cups; the due 470  
 Libation then they made, and filled, and handed round again.  
 Thus through the day with dance and song the youthful sons of Greece  
 Essayed to reconcile the God, and chanted Pæans loud  
 In the far-shooter's praise;—he heard, and well at heart was pleased.

Now was the time of sun-down, and the shades of night drew on:  
 The oarsmen slumbered alongside the stern-ropes of their ship:  
 And when the rosy-fingered dawn, infant of morning, shone,  
 Toward the wide-spread host of Greece again they set her course,  
 While the far-darting Phœbus sent a favourable wind;  
 Again they fixed the mast, again shook out the gleaming sails: 480  
 The wind then took her mizen-sail, and through the dark-blue wave  
 The sharp keel of the homeward-bound went hissing on its way.  
 Lightly she on the billows rose, until she neared the land;  
 And, soon as she arrived before the wide-spread host of Greece,  
 The dark ship higher up was hauled unto the mainland's point  
 Along the shallows, and the hull with strong supporters stayed.  
 Then did the oarsmen take their way<sup>16</sup> unto the ships and tents.  
 Yet still he chafed, abiding still, near his fast-sailing ships,

The Jove-born son of Pelëus, Achilles swift-of-foot :  
 Neither his man-ennobling place in council would he take, 490  
 Nor yet in war ; but still, he pined and vexed his heart away,  
 There tarrying ; for much he missed the war-cry and the war.—

But from that day the morning now had of the twelfth arisen,  
 When all the everliving Gods had to Olympus gone,  
 Jove at their head ; and Thetis straight, neglecting not the charge  
 Of her dear son, ascended from the bosom of the Deep,  
 Amid the mist of morning to Olympus' upper heaven ;  
 And there, upon the highest of its many-peakèd heights,  
 Apart from every God she found Saturn's far-seeing Son ;  
 And sate in front of him, and laid her left hand on his knee, 500  
 While with her right beseechingly she took him by the chin,  
 And thus with earnest prayer addressed the great Saturnian Lord.—

“ O Father Jove, if ever I among the Immortals brought  
 “ By word or act good help to thee, now my desire fulfil!  
 “ Do grace, I pray thee, to my son, whose destiny of death  
 “ Is earliest of all ; for him Atrides, chief of men,  
 “ Hath much dishonoured, wronging him of his appointed prize :  
 “ But do thou do him grace, O thou, most wise Olympian Jove !  
 “ Assuring victory to Troy, until the Greeks shall give  
 “ Due honour to my son, and make that honour greater yet !”— 510

So did she speak :—and nought to her cloud-gathering Jove replied ;  
 But silence for a long time held ; while, as she pressed his knee,  
 And, closely clinging, hung thereon, again the Goddess spake.—

“ Now give me thy unfailing word, and nod its sure assent ;  
 “ Or—at once—*No*:—cause thou hast none of fear—that I forthwith  
 “ May learn how little honour is among the Immortals mine.”

Then, deeply in his spirit vexed, cloud-gathering Jove replied—

“ Surely it is an evil work to set me thus at odds

“ With Juno, whose contrarious tongue will stir me into strife.

“ Thus doth she ever jar with me before the Immortal Gods; 520

“ Nor spares to say that I assist the Trojans in the war:—

“ But get thee back, or else thou wilt by Juno be espied,

“ And to these matters I will look until they are fulfilled.

“ Come—for thy more assurance I to thee will bow mine head—

“ By me, among the deathless Gods, once given, the highest pledge,

“ Even beyond mine own recal; which never did deceive,

“ Nor fail of its fulfilment, when I thus have bowed mine head.

He said—and the Saturnian bent his hyacinthine brows:—

From the immortal Sovereign's head the locks ambrosial fell,

Down pouring; and Olympus shook, trembling from ridge to base. 530

So, this resolved, each went their way: she in the ocean's depth

Casting herself incontinent from Heaven's effulgent height;

To his own palace Jove; and all the Gods together rose

Up from their seats before their Sire; nor one of these presumed,

Sitting, to wait his progress; but upstood before him all.—

Within, he sate upon his throne; but, when her eye met his,

Not ignorant was Juno that close council he had held

With Thetis of-the-silver-feet, the aged Sea-God's child.

Forthwith in bitter speech she thus addressed Saturnian Jove.

“ Which of the Gods, thou crafty one, hath council with thee held?—

“ Still it is after thine own heart, I being kept aloof, 541

“ Some hidden mischief to effect; but never unto me

“ Canst bring thyself to say thy say<sup>17</sup> of what thou dost intend.”

Then did the Sire of Gods and Men to her make quick reply.—



" Now, Juno, look no longer of my purposes to gain  
 " The secret ;—difficult it were, albeit my Consort thou :—  
 " Of what is right for thee to know, neither shall Gods nor men  
 " Have earlier apprizal ; but, when my good pleasure is  
 " Without the knowledge of the Gods to shape mine own designs,  
 " Presume not thou in such-like things to meddle or enquire."

550

Then Juno, large-eyed and august, unto him made reply.—  
 " Most potent Son of Saturn, what a word is this of thine !—  
 " For truly never to this hour meddled I or enquired ;  
 " But in the mildest manner spake, compliant with thy word.  
 " Yet doth my heart misgive me much, that thou hast council held  
 " With Thetis of-the-silver-feet, the aged Sea-God's child :—  
 " For in the morning mist she came, sate by thee, pressed thy knee ;  
 " And well I wot that thou hast given thy promise to do grace  
 " Unto her son, and to destroy the Grecians in their ships."

To her then answering, Jove, the cloud-compeller made reply.—  
 " Ill-spirited Dame, whose restless glance 'tis never mine to 'scape,  
 " Now hast thou done thy worst :—go on :—it will but set my mind  
 " The more against thee ; putting thee in yet a worsè plight :—  
 " Be it as thou imaginest, it rests as I have willed.  
 " Abide thee then in silence, and submissive to my word :—  
 " Nought shall avail thee all the Gods that in Olympus dwell,  
 " If once thou comest in the reach of my resistless hand."

560

So did he speak : and Juno quailed, the large-eyed and august ;  
 And silently sate down, and curbed the passion of her heart ;  
 While grieved in spirit were the Gods within the court of Jove :  
 But the renowned artificer, Vulcan, before them all  
 In his dear mother's kindly aid, the white-armed Juno, spake.

570



" An evil hap indeed it were, and ill to be endured,  
 " That in the cause of mortals ye should ever be at strife.  
 " No more of quarrel 'mong the Gods!—not of the daintiest feast  
 " Can the enjoyment bide with us when angry thoughts prevail.—  
 " This say I to my mother—wise and wary though she be—  
 " Conciliate my dear father ; so, never will he again  
 " Speak harshly to thee, and break up the pleasure of our feast :  
 " The-sender-of-the-lightning-flash, were such his sovereign will, 580  
 " Could hurl us headlong from his heaven : for mightiest he of all.  
 " Entreat him then right pleasantly, with soft and soothing words,  
 " And straightway the Olympian Sire to us will gentle prove."

So saying, forth he started ; and a bi-curved goblet placed  
 In his dear mother's hand, and thus again to her he spake.—

" Patient thyself, dear Mother, and bear up though sore aggrieved ;  
 " Lest I, albeit thine own dear son, thee with these eyes behold  
 " Misused ; mine own self powerless, though sorely pained at heart,  
 " To rescue thee : for hard it were the Olympian to oppose.  
 " Already once, when eagerly I pressed unto thine aid, 590  
 " He caught me by the foot, and from the skyey threshold cast :  
 " When all day long through air I dropped, till with the set of sun  
 " I fell in Lemnos :—small the sense that did in me abide :  
 " But soon the Sinthians raised me up, and took me to their homes."

So did he speak ; and Juno then, the white-armed Goddess, smiled ;  
 And from her son's hand smilingly the goblet she received :  
 But when for all the other Gods from left to right he filled  
 Their cups with luscious nectar drawn from the great mixing-bowl,  
 Then did among the blessed Gods continual laughter rise,  
 Looking at Vulcan as he limped along the palace hall. 600

So through the morning and mid-day until the setting sun  
They feasted; nor was at their feast a failure felt or found;  
Nor of the Lyre's transcendent charm, touched by Apollo's hand,  
Nor of the Muses as they sang, alone, or quiring round.

But when from his meridian height the Sun had westered down,  
Desiring rest, they parted thence, each to their own abode;  
Where the renownèd Vulcan, he, the lame-of-either-foot,  
Had with inventive skill for each a stately palace wrought.  
Then the Olympian sender-of-the-lightning-flash retired  
Unto his couch, that gentle sleep might visit him; and there  
The golden-thronèd Juno came, and laid her at his side.—

## QUÆDAM EX ILIADÆ.

## HELEN TO PRIAM.

Νῦν δ' ἄλλους μὲν πάντας ὄρῳ ἐλίκωπας Ἀχαιοὺς.—*Il.* iii. 234—244.

- “ The other quick-eyed Grecians all right clearly I behold ;  
 “ Well do I know them, and their names could one by one rehearse :—  
 “ Yet two I cannot there discern, commanders of the host—  
 “ Castor, the-tamer-of-wild-steeds, and Pollux, strong-of-wrist—  
 “ Brothers they are mine own, with me of the one mother born.  
 “ From Lacedæmon’s pleasant land have they not hither come ?—  
 “ Or, if indeed they have arrived in the sea-passing ships,  
 “ Do they decline to join the ranks of honourable men,  
 “ Dreading the multiplied reproach and shame that fall on *me* ?”  
 So said she :—but even then were they upon Earth’s genial breast  
 In Lacedæmon laid, their own belovèd Father-land.

## ANDROMACHÉ TO HECTOR.

Δαιμόνιε, φθίσει σε τὸ τὸν μένος· οὐδ’ ἐλευίρεις.—*Il.* vi. 407—439.

- “ Great Sir, this spirit will become thy bane—thou pitiest not  
 “ Thine infant son, nor me forlorn, thy widow—as I soon  
 “ Shall be ; for soon the Greeks will hunt thee to the death ;  
 “ Upon thee pressing closely all :—but better far that I,  
 “ Of thee bereaven, seek my grave ; for other comfort none  
 “ Awaits me in the hour when thou thy fate shalt undergo :—  
 “ No—nought but sorrow :—father none, nor royal mother I :—  
 “ For surely did the Goddess-born Achilles slay my sire,  
 “ When unto pillage he gave up Cilicia’s throngèd town—  
 “ The lofty-gated Thebes ;—’twas then Eëtion he slew ;  
 “ Yet spoiled not of his armour, for he honoured him in heart ;  
 “ But laid him on a funeral pile, with all his well-wrought arms,

" And o'er him raised a monument, round which the mountain Nymphs, 420  
 " Daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove, set rows of shadowing elms.—  
 " Seven brothers once were mine, within my father's palace reared ;  
 " And each was on the self-same day to Hades stricken down ;  
 " For the fleet-footed Goddess-born Achilles slew them all,  
 " While tending the slow-pacèd kine and silver-fleecèd sheep.  
 " My mother too—she who did then in woody Placos reign—  
 " With added spoil of countless price he carried thence away,  
 " Till by a costly ransom from captivity redeemed—  
 " But in my father's halls beneath Diana's shaft she fell.  
 " Now, Hector, father unto me, and royal mother thou—  
 " Ay, brother, husband, unto me, companion near and dear— 430  
 " Remain !—have pity on me !—bide, here with me in this tower,  
 " Nor make an orphan of thy child, a widow of thy wife !—  
 " By the wild-fig-tree set thy men ;—for in that point the town  
 " Most easily will entrance yield, and weakest there the wall.  
 " There, thrice assembling to the charge, the chosen of their host  
 " Have gathered round the Ajaces twain, and famed Idomeneus,  
 " Round the Atridæ gathered there, and Tydeus' warlike son ;  
 " Whether some gifted seer to them the vantage had revealed,  
 " Or their own mind instinctively had urged and led them on." 439

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#### HECTOR TO ANDROMACHÉ.

*Την δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Εκτωρ.—Il. vi. 440—465.*

Then spake the mighty Hector, he of the quick-glancing helm— 440  
 " For all this I have cared, dear wife ;<sup>18</sup> but more intently hath  
 " My mind been dwelling on the men and stolèd dames of Troy ;  
 " What would be said, if, coward-like, I held me from the fight :—  
 " Nor would the spirit,<sup>19</sup> which hath still lessoned me to be first  
 " Among the foremost sons of Troy, now let me bide aloof ;  
 " But sets me on the quest of fame, my father's and mine own.

" For well within my heart and soul have I foreseen the day,  
 " The coming day, when sacred Troy shall mourn her overthrow,  
 " And Priam of-the-ashen-spear, and Priam's people all.—  
 " Yet not so nearly do I feel the Trojans' future grief, 450  
 " Nor that of Hecuba herself, nor royal Priam, nor  
 " Of them, my brothers, who—albeit so many and so brave—  
 " Will then be trampled in the dust by their insulting foes ;  
 " So nearly as of thine, when by some brazen-cuirassed Greek  
 " Thou shalt be, weeping, borne away ; thy day of freedom gone ;  
 " And set—in Argos it may be—to ply a stranger's loom,  
 " Or water at Messeia's well, or Hypareia, draw ;  
 " Sorely unwilling, but by hard necessity constrained.  
 " And some, perhaps, of them who note thy falling tears will say—  
 " ' Lo, here, the wife of Hector, who so bravely fought among 460  
 " ' The Trojan horse-tamers, when round the walls of Troy they fought ! '—  
 " Even thus will it be said, and thus fresh sorrow will be thine,  
 " In such a husband's need to turn thy day of thrall aside :—  
 " But o'er me let the mounded earth be raised, ere thy lament  
 " Can reach me, and the popular talk of thy captivity ! "

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THE MOON-LIGHT SCENE ; AND THE TROJAN CAMP.

Ως δ' οἱ ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφι σελήνην.—*Il.* viii. 555—565.

As when the firmamental stars<sup>20</sup> around the shining moon  
 Shew excellently-beautiful, and stirless is the air ;  
 When all the sea-marks rise to view, the forelands' lofty range,  
 And forest dells ; when the broad heavens unfold their topless height,  
 And all the stars are seen, and glad the shepherd is at heart :<sup>21</sup>—  
 So thickly o'er the plain between the ships and Xanthus' stream  
 By Trojan hands the fires were lit before the walls of Troy—  
 A thousand fires—and round the blaze of each sate fifty men ;  
 The while their hungered horses champed the barley and the rye ;  
 And, tethered at the chariot-wheels, waited the bright-throned dawn.<sup>22</sup>



Ως δ' ανεμοι δυο ποντον ορινετον ιχθυοεντα.—*Il.* ix. 4—8.

As when contrarious winds disturb the fish-abounding sea,  
Blown from the North and West along the stormy Thracian shore,  
In sudden meeting; at their shock the dark wave heaves itself;  
And far and wide upon the surge the tangle-weed is tossed:—  
So was the spirit of the Greeks divided in their breasts.—

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SARPEDON TO GLAUCUS.

Ω πεπον, ει μεν γαρ πολεμον περι τον δε φυγοντες.—*Il.* xii. 322—328.

“ Friend of my soul,<sup>23</sup> could holding from the conflict of this hour  
“ Assure us evermore to live, exempt from age and death,  
“ I would not set myself among the foremost in the field,  
“ Nor send thee forth to mingle in its spirit-stirring strife:—  
“ But, since the myriad means of Fate so cross us on our path,  
“ That not a mortal ever did or may escape their stroke,  
“ Onward—and win the palm, or leave, by others to be won!—”

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JUPITER TO THE HORSES OF ACHILLES.

Α δειλω, τι σφωι δομεν Ηληι ανακτι.—*Il.* xvii. 443—455.

“ Unhappy ones!—why to a king of mortal earth were ye  
“ By us assigned?—ye, who from age and death were set apart?—  
“ Was it, that ye should undergo the pains of hapless man—  
“ For what is there of all that breathes or creeps along the earth,  
“ More miserable than the lot of miserable man?—  
“ But never, be ye sure, shall ye the well-wrought chariot draw  
“ Of Hector, Son of Priam:—no—that I will suffer not.—  
“ Content him not the spoils now won?—and vaunts he yet of more?—  
“ But a fresh spirit in your hearts and sinews I will breathe;  
“ So shall ye bear Automedon in safety through the field  
“ Unto the hollow ships:—for to the Trojans I appoint



“ The glory of the carnage till they reach the well-oared ships  
 “ At set of sun, and till the dusk of sacred Night comes on.”—

### ACHILLES TO HIS HORSE XANTHUS.

Τον δε μεγ' οχθησας προσεφη ποδας ωκυς Αχιλλευς.—*Il.* xix. 419.

Then, sorely angered, to him spake Achilles swift-of-foot—  
 “ Why, Xanthus, dost thou prophesy my death?—it needs thee not :—  
 “ For well do I fore-know the doom which waits upon me here,  
 “ From father and from mother far apart :—yet, be it so—  
 “ I will not quit the war till Troy is thoroughly stricken down.”—  
 Then shouted he, and drove a-head the single-hoofed steeds.

### THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

Ως ειπων την μεν λιπεν αυτου, βη δ' επι φυσας.—*Il.* xviii. 468—608.

[There are, I believe, but two poems in our language possessing within the compass of this marvellous Episode a similar variety—Dryden's *ALEXANDER'S FEAST*, and Collins's *ODE ON THE PASSIONS*; each, be it remembered, taking, *à discretion*, the advantage of metrical change; whereas the *Inventions* of the Homeric Vulcan, however varied in their tone, are uniform in their metre.]

So answering, he left her there, and to his bellows went,  
 And turned them to the fire, and set them onward on their work :  
 In twenty several furnaces the bellows all were plied, 470  
 But pouring with impetuous blast their streams of heated air ;  
 One while on this side issuing, another while on that,  
 As Vulcan's master-hand the work directed at his will.  
 The perdurable brass and tin<sup>21</sup> he cast into the fire,  
 The silver, and the worshipped gold : upon the anvil-stock  
 He stayed the massive anvil ; then, with his right hand he grasped  
 The sledge-hammer's huge weight, and with his left the furnace tongs.

First work of all—a Shield he wrought ; close-welded, broad, and strong ;  
 Framed curiously in all its parts ; and with a triple rim  
 Bright-shining hooped it round ; whereon a silver baldrick hung. 480

Five-fold the plating of that Shield ; yet on it many a shape  
Of subtlest thought and rarest skill was cunningly designed ;  
Thereon were graven the broad Earth, the Firmament, the Sea ;  
The Sun, continual in his course ; the Moon in her full orb ;  
And all the Signs, whose circle forms the Star-Crown of the Heavens :  
The Pleiades, the Pluviæ, Orion's armèd might,<sup>25</sup>  
And Arctos, named in common speech—the Wain—which duly turns  
Around Orion, and his track obsequiously attends—  
The only Star in all the Heavens undipped in Ocean's stream.

Then formed he two fair Cities ; homes of Men articulate :—  
In one of these were solemnized weddings and wedding feasts ;  
Brides from their chambers were led forth, with torches freshly lit,  
And many a hymeneal song was chorussed on their way.  
Around them the young bridesmen danced, while in the joyous band  
Were mingled sounds of flute and lyre ; and curious matrons stood  
In her own door-way each, and gazed, and wondered as they passed.

There was a gathering multitude, met in the Judgment-hall :  
Where words between two men, about the death-fine of a man,  
Who had been slain, ran high : the one, protesting to the throng  
That all was paid ; the other one, that nought had been received ;  
Till each went off to seek a judge who should decide the cause ;  
The while with this one and with that the standers-by took part.  
But soon the heralds stayed their talk ; for now the Elders came,  
And in the sacred circle took their chairs of polished stone :  
Each in his hand the sceptre of a clear-voiced herald bore ;  
Leaning whereon he in his turn stood up, and judgment gave ;  
While on the floor in open court two golden talents lay,  
For him whose proof should be pronounced the surer of the twain.

500

Before the other city two beleaguering camps were pight,

Shining in arms ; wherein the chiefs divided council held ; 510  
Whether to raze it to the ground, or for its ransom take  
One half the riches stored within its goodly treasure-house.  
In no wise would the townsmen yield, but planned an ambuscade ;  
Setting their wives, their daughters, and their helpless babes among  
Their men forspent with age, behind the safeguard of the walls.  
On then they moved ; and at their head Mars and Minerva went ;  
Golden of presence each, and each in golden vesture clad :  
Graceful and grand were they in arms, as best did Gods bescem,  
And wonderingly eyed by all the lesser following folk.  
Soon as the men were halted, and the ambuscade was set, 520  
Fast by the river where the beasts to water would be driven  
They crouched them down, and covered close their armour's brazen sheen ;  
This done— a file of lookers-out was posted far aloof,  
There waiting till they should descry the sheep and straggling kine.  
Nor long they waited ; for anon two herdsmen came in view,  
Preluding on their pipes, and nought expecting a surprise.  
Then the far-sighted watchers rushed upon them, and cut off  
On every side the droves of kine, and the unblemished flocks  
Of white-woolled sheep, and out of hand the attendant herdsmen slew.  
But, when the multiplied uproar among the beasts was heard 530  
In either camp, the soldiers from their tables hurrying leaped  
On their fast-trotting steeds, gave chase, and presently came up :  
Then, drawing rein, they fought the fight along the river's side,  
And foe with foe exchanged the thrust of brazen-pointed spears.  
Then was there strife, and thronged turmoil, and ruthless fate was there :—  
One freshly-wounded man she held, and one unwounded yet ;  
While trailing through the battle's din a dead man by the heels :  
The mantle o'er her shoulder cast was red with blood of men,  
Who met in arms once more on earth like living folk, and fought, 540  
And haled away together both the dying and the dead.

There, too, a fallow land he wrought, fresh fields and pastures new ;—

Broad-lying — thrice it had been ploughed ; and many ploughmen drove  
 Their yoke of oxen round and round the circuit of that field ;  
 While, as at every turn they reached its boundary, stood there  
 Ready at hand a serving-man, to fill for each a cup  
 Of honey-sweetened wine ; then straight along the furrow's track  
 Through the stiff clods they pressed to reach the boundary again :—  
 Dark was its outward show ; but when upturnèd by the share,  
 Changed into very gold :—so great the marvel of that work !—

Then formed he a rich harvest-field :—one hand the reapers drew 550  
 Around the standing corn, and with sharp sickles cut it down ;  
 While, as the crowded sheaves between the ridges fell to earth,  
 The careful binders swathed the rest along the furrows' side.  
 Three of the binders overlooked the work ; and, close behind,  
 Boys gathered up the fallen ears ; bearing them in their arms,  
 And diligently tending ; as the silent master leaned  
 Upon his staff beside the ridge, well satisfied in heart.  
 Beneath a distant oak the board by serving-men was spread :—  
 A huge ox had been dressed ; and for the reapers' supper store  
 Of barley cakes besprent with meal was by the women baked. 560

There, too, he wrought a Vineyard, by its clusters bended down,  
 Fair-seeming, golden-hued, with grapes of purple flush o'er-hung ;  
 And right across the ground were set the silver-shining props :  
 Around it lay a deep dark trench ; and near, a fence was drawn  
 Of brightest tin ; the only way, whereby the vintagers  
 Had passage to their daily work of gathering-in the grapes.  
 The maidens and the bachelors, joyous alike of heart,  
 In wicker baskets helped to bring the bunches honey-sweet ;  
 While in the midst of them a lad from his melodious lute  
 Drew sweetest music, as he sang in gentlest undertones 570  
 The song of Linus ; and the troop joined hands and went along,  
 With chant and chorus marking time, and dancing on their way.



There, too, he formed upon the shield a drove of straight-horned kine;—  
 And skilfully were all the kine fashioned in gold and tin;  
 As they were driven from their stalls unto the pasture-ground,  
 Along the brabbling river's side and by the quivering reeds;  
 While the golden-imaged herdsmen held their watch upon the kine.—  
 Four was their number; nine sharp dogs were following at heel;  
 When two fierce lions sprang among the leaders of the herd.  
 On a loud bellowing Bull they leaped, and with a mighty roar 580  
 Dragged him away; the youths and dogs still holding on their track.—  
 Then rended they in strips and shreds the hide of the huge bull,  
 And gorged his inwards and black blood; vainly the herdsmen held  
 Continual chase, hallooing on the nimble-footed dogs,  
 Whom nought could make to try their teeth upon the Lions' skin,  
 Stopping at whiles to yelp and bark, and slinking then away.

Then, the great Lame-of-either-foot designed a pasture-ground,  
 In a well-wooded vale enclosed; where pens of white-woolled sheep,  
 Farmyards, and shepherds' huts, were seen, and closely-covered sheds.  
 There, the great Lame-of-either-foot in several forms devised 590  
 A choral measure, like the Maze by Dædalus in Crete  
 For Ariadne wrought, the-maid-with-richly-flowing-hair.  
 On this the Youths and Damsels wooed-by-wealthy-suitors joined  
 The rounded dance, the hand of each resting on other's arm;  
 White robes and veils the maidens wore; the tunics of the men,  
 Well-woven, were perfumed with oil, and lustrous to behold:—  
 Fresh garlands bound of these the brow; and golden-hilted swords  
 By silver baldrics at the side of those were brightly hung.  
 Together they right deftly on their well-accustomed feet  
 A measure trode;—so at his lathe the Potter sits, and tries 600  
 The regular working of its wheel with his experienced hands.—  
 Thus, one with other, they in rows the measure trode again;  
 And gazing numbers stood around the love-inviting dance,

In full content of heart ; while to his lute a minstrel sang  
 Harmonious ; and in their midst, with the music keeping time,  
 A troop of tumblers bounded in, and postured through the throng.

This done—his latest labour on the close and cômplete Shield—  
 Around its outmost rim he poured the mighty Ocean-stream.<sup>26</sup>—

608

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PRIAM.—*Juvenal. Sat. x. 258.*

[“ *Incolumi Trojâ, Priamus venisset ad umbras*  
*Assaraci*—had not his scape-grace son, Paris, complicated the old King in the woes  
 of the Iliad.—The recollection made me shake its fifty years' dust from my version of the  
 Roman poet's Tenth Satire.]

“ Ill-destined Priam—had he died before  
 “ Adulterate Paris touched the Spartan shore,  
 “ Then had he joined in peace his ancient sires ;  
 “ And left his Troy unscathed of Grecian fires ;  
 “ Then had the filial arms of Hector borne  
 “ In duteous sorrow the parental urn ;  
 “ While slowly moved the brother band along,  
 “ Through the deep dirge of Ilium's matron throng ;  
 “ While rent Polyxena her scattered veil,  
 “ And wild Cassandra raised the funeral wail.”

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ACHILLEOS INSULA, IN PONTO EUXINO.—HODIE, ADASSI,  
 OR, SERPENTS' ISLAND.

[As the Iliad opens with Achilles' anger, and closes with the funeral rites of his  
 vanquished Enemy, the description of his own (traditional) burial-place, and of the honours  
 there rendered to his memory during thirteen centuries—how much longer, I know not—  
 may, perhaps, be accepted as no unapt Cycle of his story. It is freely versified—*translated*  
 would hardly be a fair term—from Arrian's coasting voyage in the Euxine, addressed to  
 his Patron, the Emperor Hadrian.]

A northwind blew on Ister's widening shore,  
 Till the far Island, which in days of yore  
 Had title from Achilles, rose in sight :—



Men called it by yet other names—*The White Island*, from its pale presence; and *The Course*,  
From the quick running of its current's force.—  
You see it in the distance; story tells,  
How Thetis, to her son that Island gave;  
How in its earth he found an honoured grave;  
And how therein his deathless spirit dwells.—  
Land, and survey its Temple, and the express  
Image of his high presence:—loneliness,  
And silence, cover all:—no man dwells there;  
But frequent mariners to its shrine repair,  
And hang their votive offerings—a small boat,  
Or whate'er else their simple means may note  
Of a sea-danger past; and gifts are there,  
With, scribed in Greek or Latin, legends fair  
Unto Achilles' honour, and his loved  
Comrade Patroclus, in like perils proved  
Of fortune and of fate.—Aquatic birds  
Gather within its sacred space their herds—  
The widowed Halcyon, the lone Sea-quail,  
The Duck, the Diver, and the Water-rail:—  
These of the Temple have the appointed charge;  
And every morning to the Euxine's marge  
They go, and burthen heavily their wings  
With a free dipping in its plenteous springs;  
Then duly they return, and o'er and o'er  
With their wet plumage sweep the Temple's floor.  
And still, the brother-chiefs in visions teach  
The voyager that Island's coast to reach.

## NOTES.

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Note 1, page 11, line 3.

*Dismissing many a mighty Soul—*

——— *quæ funera Turnus*

*Ediderit, quem quisque virum demiserit Orco.—Æneid ix. 526, 7.*

Note 2, page 11, line 15.

——— *of the far—*

*—darting Apollo——*

“ And fabled how the Serpent whom they called

“ Orphion, with Eurynomé, the wide—

“ —Encroaching Eve —— ” —MILTON, *P. L.*

Note 3, page 12, line 49.

*And direful was the clang that rang from out that silver bow.*

*Δεινὴ τε κλαγγὴ γενετ' ἀργυρίου βιοιο—*

The first half of this glorious line sent me to Milton's “Christmas Hymn” —

“ With such a horrid clang,

“ As on Mount Sinäi rang—— ”

Its closing Ionics are non-transferable.

Note 4, page 13, line 50.

——— *and the vagrant dogs it fell.*

Uncertain, whether Homer, with his ordinary use of stock Epithets, intended (*αργους*) nimble-footed dogs, or ownerless curs, such as infested the Eastern towns, I have adopted the middle term.

Note 5, page 13, line 63.

——— *for dreams are sent of Jove.*

“ For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,

“ Which he hath sent—— ”

Note 6, page 14, line 81.

——— *their vengeance they defer.*

“ The king will always think him in our debt,

“ And think we think ourselves dissatisfied,

“ Till he hath found a time to pay us home.” —*Shakspeare.*

“ Indignatio Principis mors est.” —(*Quoted by the Duke of Norfolk to Sir Thomas More.*)

Note 7, page 16, line 143.

— *maid-of-the-rose-red-cheek*.

The composite Epithet in the Original, is more suggestive than any which our Vernacular supplies; Milton offers its—I think—most appropriate version:—

“Celestial *rosy red*, Love’s proper hue.”—*P. L.*

Note 8, page 17, line 189.

*As with divided purposes*—

“— *animus nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,*  
“*In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.*”—*Æneid* iv. 285, 6.

Note 9, page 19, line 225.

*Wine-heavy*—

Wine-heavy, and heavy-wet—Black Strap, and Brown Stout:—the Greek soldiers were of wine, vinous; the English Excursionists are of beer, beery.—

Note 10, page 19, line 251.

*Articulate*—

With all its literality, I do not accept “voice-dividing” as sufficiently discriminative between the human and the animal utterance:—a dog’s bark, and a bird’s note, are capable of division, as is a man’s voice. An authority, not less philosophical than poetical, vindicates the epithet which I have preferred for this especial distinction.—

“What may this mean?—Language of man, pronounced

“By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed!—

“The first, at least, of these I thought denied

“To beasts; whom God on their Creation-day

“Created mute to all *articulate* sound.”—*P. L.* ix.

Liddell-Scott interprets ψοφος “any inarticulate sound,” as opposed to φωνη.—Dryden happily defines Music “inarticulate Poetry.”—Carew applies the primary sense of Homer’s μεροπων in one of his pretty songs—

“Ask me no more whither doth haste

“The Nightingale when May is past;

“For in your sweet *dividing* throat

“She winters, and keeps warm her note.”

Note 11, page 22, line 337.

— *hither bring the maid*.

*Homeritatis causâ*, the English reader will accept the awkwardness of these iterated terminals.

Note 12, page 22, line 342.

*For still is his pernicious soul*—

The Hotspur fashion of this *Apopsiopsis* is Homer’s own, and pre-significant of Shakspeare’s Hero.

Note 13, page 23, line 350.

*Fast by the strand of the gray sea* —

Chateaubriand translated "fast" in his "Paradise Lost"—"fast by the Oracles of God"—*rapidement*: even as Victor Hugo translated "the Frith of Forth," *le premier des Quatres*.

Note 14, page 25, line 406.

*Then were the blessed Gods a-fear'd* —

I use this word, not so much for its old Saxon air—though an old English measure naturally induces old English forms—as for its grammatical accordance with Homer's *ὑπεδδυσαν*, and with the cause and consequence of the fear which had possessed the Olympians.

Note 15, page 25, line 412.

*The un wisdom* —

A learned friend tells me, that he has met this term somewhere, but recollects not where; at all events, answering the conditions of a neologism, it is a fair additament to our word-stock: one word for many things being the poverty of a language, while many words for one thing are its opulence. Moreover, it frees us from the sibilant jingle of *less* and *ness*; as it would by the adoption of *unheed*, *unneed*, *unhope*, *unreason*, *unfaith*, *unfear*; with the adjectives and participles whereof we are already familiar.

Note 16, page 27, line 487.

*Then did the oarsmen take their way* —

It is but too probable, that I have been astray in my Nauticals.—*Cucullus non facit monachum*—a Guernsey shirt and Sou'-wester do not make up an old Salt.

Note 17, page 29, line 543.

*Canst bring thyself to say thy say* —

*Εἰπεῖν εἶπος*—this seemingly uncouth repetition is not mere surplusage; neither is it, like Saint Paul's "*ὡς εἶπος εἰπεῖν*," an idiom:—but a spurt of the Junonian temper; claiming, as one of Homer's *directnesses*, to be as *directly* rendered. If Homerism be a fault in Homer's translator, I am content to say with the French philosopher—*on a tort, quand on a raison contre tout le monde*.

Note 18, page 34, line 441.

*For all this I have cared, dear wife* —

*Γυνή*—*Woman*—is an especial as well as a general appellation. In the *Iliad*, it represents Hector's wife, as in the Bible are represented the wives of Herod's brother, of his General, and of the Priest Zacharias.—Personally, *Woman* is—in an English mouth, plebeian—*Madam*, after the fashion of French Tragedy, would be ludicrous—*Lady*, too formal for Homer's directness—*Consort*, too courtly for his simplicity—and *Wife*, without some qualifying adjunct, too homely (in our ears at least) for his dignity. I shelter my adjectival interpolation under Macbeth's precedent—

"O, full of scorpions is my mind, *dear Wife*." —

Hector's better-half was, oddly enough, replaced in this abrupt compellation by a stage-manager; who, when one of his *Artistes*—Mrs. Baddeley, I think—being cast for the character, demurred to providing its pedal properties, exclaimed—"Woman! did you ever hear of Andromache's appearing without black satin shoes?"

Note 19, page 34, line 444.

*Nor would the spirit—*

Chapman has been so closely criticised, that we are bound to notice the true dramatic ring in his rendering of this passage:—

" ——— the spirit I first did breathe

" Did never teach me that. ———"

It reminds one of Massinger's

" Mine own humanity will teach me this."—

Note 20, page 35, line 20.

*As when the firmamental Stars—*

Dryden is my authority for this epithet in his divine manipulation of an extinguisher—(*Annus Mirabilis*). A little farther on, I have rendered σκοπια, *sea-marks*, rather than *rocks*, as more accordant with the scene, and also more etymologic.

Note 21, page 35, line 24.

*— and glad the shepherd is at heart.*

Pope expanded this hemistic into his own heroic couplet—its "conscious swain" had already been provided with a place in "Windsor Forest."—

" And secret transports touched the conscious Swain."

This pastoral personage, more Watteau-ish than Homeric, always appears to me in the Bagwig and Blue silk *culottes* of a Chelsea-China statuette.

Note 22, page 35, line 29.

*— waited the bright-throned dawn.*

Some of my Precursors, closely observing Homer's syntax, attached the verb, *μυμων*, to its proper nominative, *ιπποι*;—but, I venture to think, with a misapplied rendering—"expected": while others, accounting "expectation" to be somewhat beyond equine intelligence, transferred it to the charioteers; who might, rationally enough, have been looking-out for the morrow's strategies.—I prefer the quadrupeds, "waiting" (not *for*, but) *until* day-break, horsily occupied with the feed of their respective cribs.

It may be fancy—but I cannot help noticing the *Spondaic* close of this magnificent scene—*εθρονον Ηω μμυμον*—and its effective pause of the "tardy-gaited Night."

Note 23, page 36, line 6.

*Friend of my soul—*

Be the etymon of *πεπον* what it may, I know not any correspondent term in our language. Neither its costermongrel progeny—"my Pippin" *verba ex captū vulgi imponuntur*—nor "my



pet," as Polyphemus affectionately addressed Ulysses, are admissible into Sarpedon's Vernacular; "comrade" is too guard-roomy—"dear friend" is merely conventional—and "gentle friend"—I forget which of Homer's translators adopted it—is more germane to sempstresses than to soldiers. None among them, however, have sanctioned my version; which I am full ready to relinquish for a better.

Note 24, page 37, line 16.

*The perdurable brass and tin—*

*Perdurable*—says Johnson—is "not used." In my poor notion, the word is both usable and useful; it suffices me, that Shakspeare has used it. *Tin* is certainly a short and shabby monosyllable; but our only representative of Homer's goodly *κασσιτερος*; too soft for external spear-proof, but hard enough to form the two innermost plates of the Vulcanian Shield—*δυο δ' ενδοθι κασσιτεροιο*—*Il. xx.*—in tinker's phrase—*double-block-tin*; and when, Vulcanite-fashion, amalgamated with brass, becoming *Bell-metal*—Anglo-Latiné—*tin-tin-nabulum*.

After all, Twining (*Note 250—Translation of Aristotle's Poetics*) supposes *κασσιτερος* to mean *Iron*.

Note 25, page 38, line 9.

*The Pleiades, the Pluvia, Orion's armed might.*

Homer's translators—some among them—have not kept clear of the vocalic jingle which, following its form rather than its power, our conversion of the *Υ* into *Y* has induced: but I make avail of Virgil's Epithet for the Water-Nymphs—

"——— Areturum, *pluviasque* Hyadas, geminosque Triones,

"Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona."—*Æn. iii. 519, 520.*

Note 26, page 42, line 5.

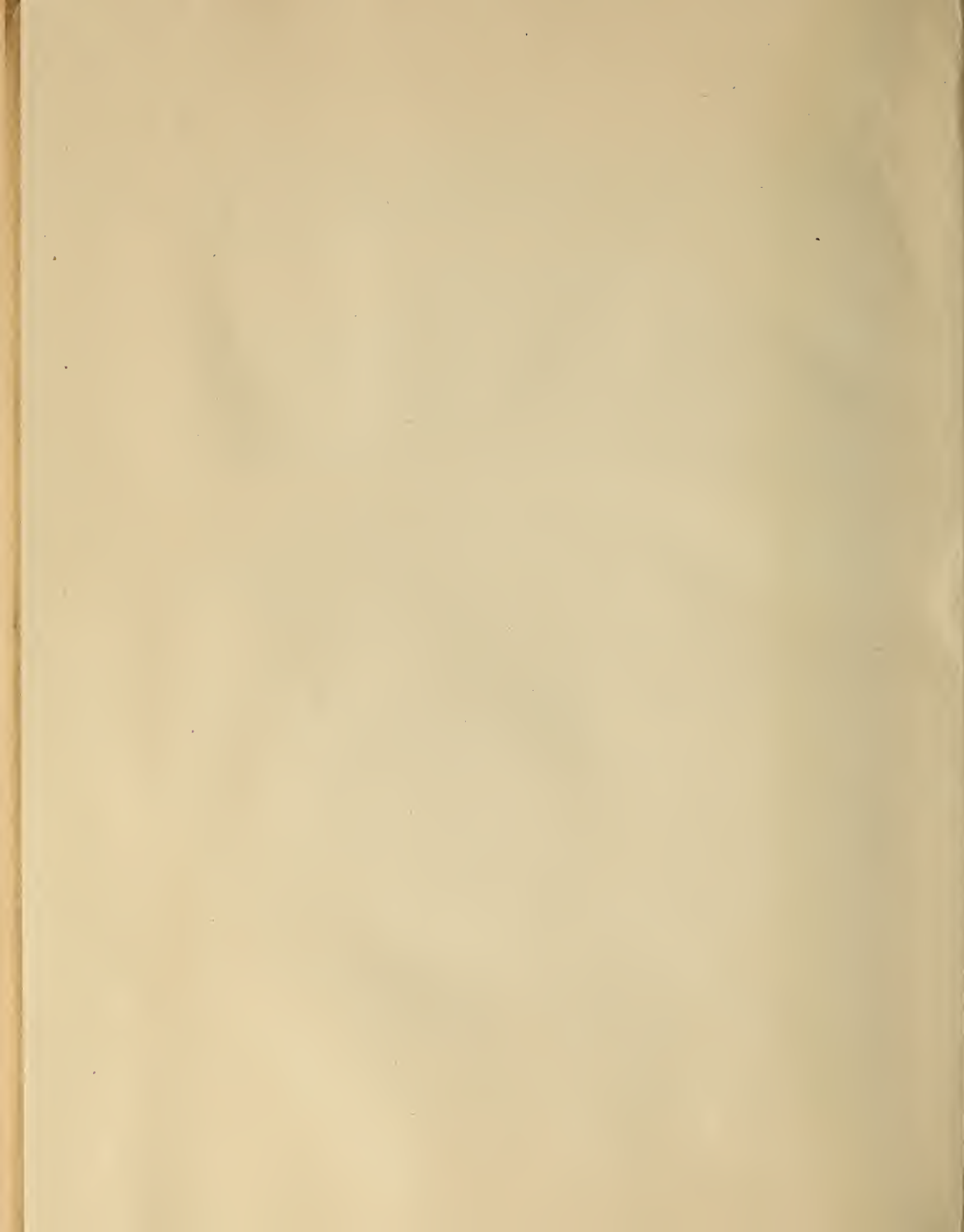
*Around its outmost rim he poured the mighty Ocean-stream.*

"Leviathan, which God of all his works

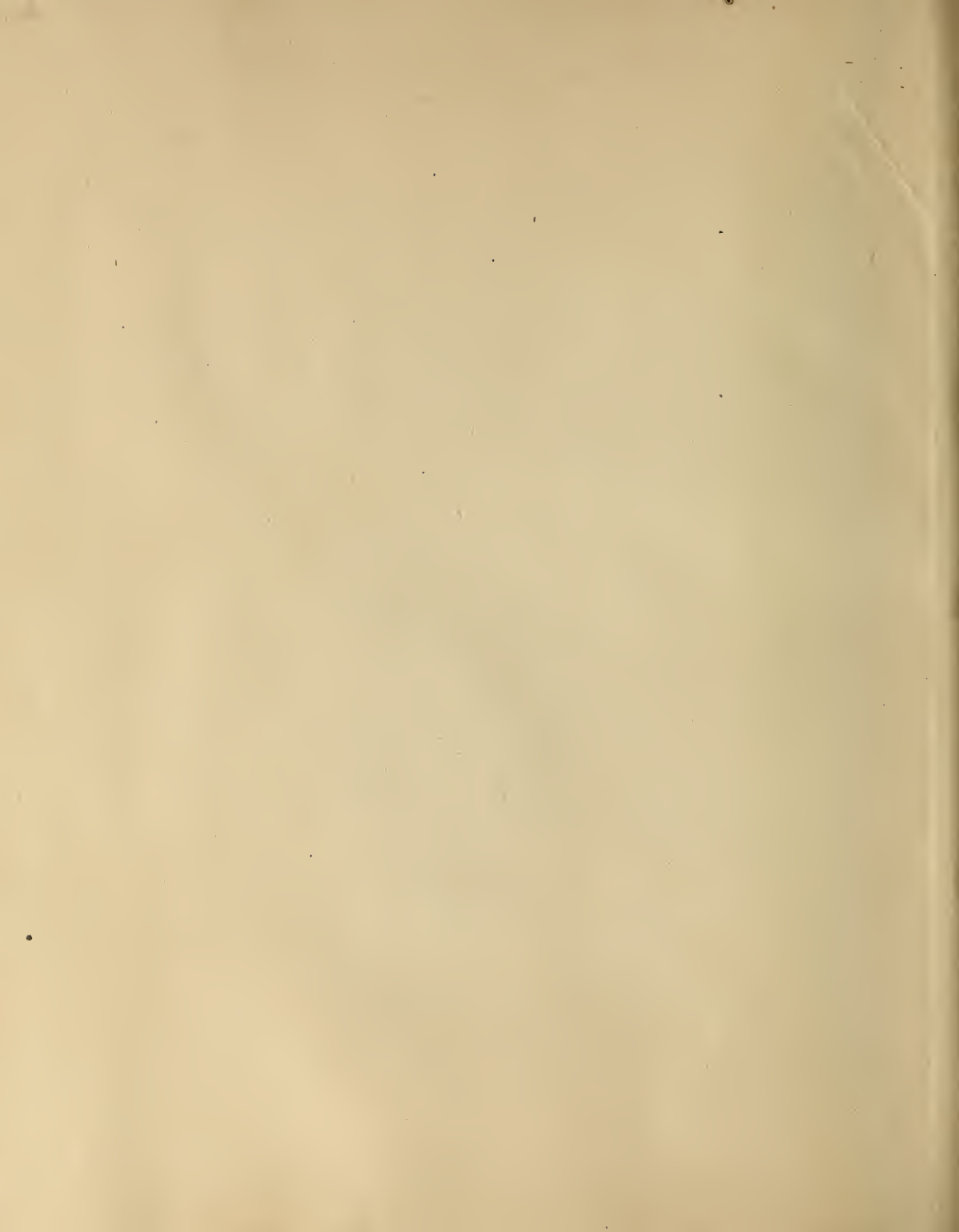
"Created, hugest that swim the Ocean stream."—*P.L.*















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